

room" which some decorator, drunk with power, had mingled into the brewer's villa, he found the owner and Mr. Sheehan, with five other men, engaged in a meritorious attempt to smoke down the apartment with smoke. Two of the five others were prosperous owners of saloons, two were known to the public (whose notion of what it meant when it used the term was something of the vaguest) as politicians; the fifth was Mr. Farbach's closest friend, one who (Joe had heard) was to be the next chairman of the city committee of the party. They were seated about a table, enveloped in blue clouds and hushed to a grave and portentous silence which clarified immediately the circumstance that whatever debate had preceded his arrival, it was now settled.

Their greeting of him, however, though exceedingly quiet, indicated a certain expectancy as he accepted the chair which had been left for him at the head of the table. He looked thinner and paler than usual, which is saying a great deal, but presently, finding that the faithful hush which his entrance had broken was immediately resumed, a twinkle came into his eye, one of his eyebrows went up, and a corner of his mouth went down.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said. "The smokers continued to smoke and to do nothing else, the exception being Mr. Sheehan, who, though he spoke not, exhibited tokens of agitation and excitement which he curbed with difficulty, shifting about in his chair, gnawing his cigar, crossing and uncrossing his knees, rubbing and slapping his hands together, clearing his throat with violence, his eyes fixed all the while, as were those of his companions, upon Mr. Farbach. So that Joe was given to perceive that it had been agreed that the brewer should be the spokesman. Mr. Farbach was deliberate, that was all, which added to the effect of what he finally did say.

"Choe," he remarked placidly, "you are der next mayor off Canaan."

"Why do you say that?" asked the young man sharply.

"Blookus here," he answered, interlocking the tips of his fingers over his waistcoat, that being as near folding his hands as lay within his power. "Blookus here shall try to fix it so, and so he'll ditted."

Joe took a deep breath. "Why do you want me?"

"Dot," replied the brewer, "iss something I shall tell you." He paused to contemplate his cigar. "We want you blookus you are der best man for dot position."

"Louie, you mustn't make a mistake at the beginning," Joe said hurriedly. "I may not be the kind of man you're looking for. If I want in," he hesitated, stammering. "It seems an ungrateful thing to say, but there wouldn't be any slowness—I couldn't be bound to anybody."

"Holt up your hosses!" Mr. Farbach once in his life was so ready to reply that he was able to interrupt. "Who hef you heet speak off bounding? Hef I speak off favers? Dit I say der should be slowness in der city government? Lissen to me, Choe. He renewed his contemplation of his cigar, then proceeded: "I hef been thinking it over now a couple years. I hef mate up my mind. If some peobles are gambell to keep der laws and oders are not, dot's a great awtawntich to der oders. Dot iss what iss running der goundry, and der peobles iss commencement to take notice. Eterveres in der towns der iss housecleaning. Dey are reforming and indieding, and peoty soon dot movement comes here—shooer! If we intent to holt der party in power, we should be a little ahead off dot movement so when it should be here we hef a goot indieding to fall back on. Now, der iss another brewery opened and trying to gambell mit me here in Canaan. If dot brewer owns der mayor, all der saloons buying beer must shut up at eleven o'clock and Sundays, but der oders keep open. If I own der mayor, I make der same against dot der brewery. Now, I am peoty sick off dot ways off bittness and fighting all times. Also," Mr. Farbach added, with magnificent calmness, "my trade iss largely outsidde off Canaan, and it iss heilder dot here der laws should be enforced der same for all. Lissen, Choe! All us here beliefs der same way. You are square. Der whole tsaloon element knows dot and knows dot all vout be treated der same. Mit you it vout be fairness for each one. Foolish peobles hef suit you are a law tricker, but we know dot you hef only mate der laws brocted as well as bunish. And at such times as dey hef been broken you hef made dem as metrisful as you count. You are no tricker. We are willing to help you make it a glean town. Oderwise der fighting vout go on until der movement strikes here and all der granks vake up and we get a fool reformer for mayor and der town goes to der dogs. If I try to put in a man dot I own, der oder brewery iss going to fight like h-l, but if I work for you it will not fight so hart."

"But the other people," Joe objected, "those outside of what is called the saloon element do you understand how many of them will be against me?"

"It iss der tsaloon element," Mr. Farbach returned peacefully, "dot does der fighting."

"And you have considered my standing with that part of Canaan which considers itself the most respectable section?" He rose to his feet, standing straight and quiet, facing the table, upon which, it chanced, there lay a copy of the Tocsin.

"And yet," observed Mr. Farbach, with mildness, "we got some peoty risckable men right here."

"Except me," broke in Mr. Sheehan promptly, "you have."

"Have you thought of this?" Joe leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table.

"We hef," replied Mr. Farbach; "all of us. You shall best it."

There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

"Have you considered," he continued rapidly, while a warm color began to conquer his pallor—"have you considered the powerful influence which will be against me, and more against me now, I should tell you, than ever before—that influence, I mean, which is striving so hard to discredit me that lynch law has been hinted for poor

employing in his questions subtle suggestions and shadings of tone and manner and avoiding words of debate and dangerous meanings—a fine craft, often attempted by blunders to their own undoing, but which, practiced by Joseph Louden, made inarticulate witnesses articulate to the precise effects which he desired. This he accomplished as much by the help of the continuous fire of objections from the other side as by objects of them. He was infinitely careful, asking never an ill advised question for the other side to use to his hurt and, though exhibiting only a pleasant easiness of manner, was electrically alert.

A hundred things had shown Ariel that the feeling of the place, influenced by "public sentiment" without, was subtly and profoundly hostile to Joe and his client. She read this in the spectators, in the jury, even in the judge, but it seemed to her that day by day the inflated spirit gradually faded inside the railing and also in those spectators who, like herself, were enabled by special favor to be present throughout the trial, and that now and then a kinder sentiment began to be manifested. She was unaware how strongly she contributed to effect this herself not only through the glow of visible sympathy which radiated from her, but by a particular action. Claudine was called by the state and told as much of her story as the law permitted her to tell, interlarding her replies with fervent protestations, too quick to be prevented, that she "never meant to bring no trouble to Mr. Fear" and that she "did hate to have gentlemen starting things on her account." When the defense took this perturbed witness, her interpolations became less frequent, and she described straightforwardly how she had found the pistol on the floor near the prostrate figure of Cory and hidden it in her own dress. The attorneys for the state listened with a somewhat cynical amusement to this portion of her testimony, believing it of no account, uncorroborated, and that, if necessary, the state could impeach the witness on the ground that it had been indispensable to produce her. She came down weeping from the stand, and the next witness not being immediately called, the eyes of the jurymen naturally followed her as she passed to her seat, and they saw Ariel Tabor bow gravely to her across the railing. Now, a thousand things not set forth by legislatures, law men and judges affect a jury, and the slight salutation caused the members of this one to glance at one another, for it seemed to imply that the exquisite lady in white not only knew Claudine, but knew that she had spoken the truth. It was after this that a feeling favorable to the defense now and then noticeably manifested itself in the courtroom. Still, when the evidence for the state was all in the life of Happy Fear seemed to rest in a balance precarious indeed, and the little man, swallowing pitifully, looked at his attorney with the eyes of a sick dog.

Then Joe gave the prosecutors an illuminating and stunning surprise and, having offered in evidence the revolver found upon Claudine, produced as his first witness a pawnbroker of Denver, who identified the weapon as one he had sold to Cory, whom he had known very well. The second witness, also a stranger, had been even more intimately acquainted with the dead man, and there began to be an uneasy comprehension of what Joe had accomplished during that prolonged absence of his which had so nearly cost the life of the little monrel, who was at present (most blissful respectability) a lively convalescent in Ariel's back yard. The second witness also identified the revolver, testifying that he had borrowed it from Cory in St. Louis to settle a question of marksmanship and that on his returning it to the owner the latter, then working his way eastward, had confided to him his intention of stopping in Canaan for the purpose of exercising his melancholy functions upon a man who had once "done him good" in that city.

By the time the witness had reached this point the prosecutor and his assistants were on their feet, excitedly shouting objections, which were promptly overruled. Taken unawares, they fought for time. Thunder was loosed—forensic beltings. Everybody lost his temper—except Joe. And the examination of the witness proceeded. Cory, with that singular inspiration to confide in some one which is the characteristic and the undoing of his kind, had outlined his plan of operations to the witness with perfect clarity. He would first attempt, so he had declared, to incite an attack upon himself by playing upon the jealousy of his victim, having already made a tentative effort in that direction. Failing in this, he would fall back upon one of a dozen schemes (for he was ready in such matters, he bragged), the most likely of which would be to play the peacemaker. He would talk of his good intentions toward his enemy, speaking publicly of him in friendly and gentle ways, then, getting at him secretly, destroy him in such a fashion as to leave open for himself the kind gate of self defense. In brief, here was the whole tally of what had actually occurred, with the exception of the last account in the sequence which had proved that demise for which Cory had not arranged, and it fell from the lips of a witness whom the prosecution had no means of impeaching. When he left the stand, unshaken and undisturbed after a frantic cross examination, Joe, turning to resume his seat, let his hand fall lightly for a second upon his client's shoulder.

That was the occasion of a demonstration which indicated a sentiment favorable to the defense on the part of at least three of the spectators, and it was in the nature of such a hammering of canes upon the bare wooden floor as effectively stopped all other proceedings instantly. The indignant judge fixed the colonel, Peter Bradbury and Squire Buckalew with his glittering eye, yet the hammering continued unabated, and the offenders surely would have been conducted forth in ignominy had not gallantry prevailed, even in that formal place. The judge, reluctantly realizing that some aged enthusiasts, since they somehow seemed to belong to Miss Tabor, made his remarks general, with the time worn threat to clear the room, where

upon the loyal survivors of Eskew relapsed into unabashed silence.

It was now, as Joe had said, a clear enough case. Only the case itself, however, was clear, for, as he and his friends feared, the verdict might possibly be neither in accordance with the law, the facts nor the convictions of the jury. Eugene's defection had not altered the tone of the Tocsin.

All day long a crowd of men and boys hung about the corridors of the courthouse, about the square and the neighboring streets, and from these rose somber murmurs, more and more ominous. The public sentiment of a community like Canaan can make itself felt inside a courtroom, and it was strongly exerted against Happy Fear. The Tocsin had always been a powerful agent; Judge Pike had increased its strength with a staff which was thoroughly efficient, alert and always able to strike center with the paper's readers, and in town and country it had absorbed the circulation of the other local journals, which resented feebly at times, but in the matter of the Cory murder had not dared to do anything except follow the Tocsin's lead. The Tocsin, having lit the fire, fed it—fed it saltpeper and sulphur—for now Martin Pike was fighting hard.

The farmers and people of the less urban parts of the country were accustomed to find their opinions upon the Tocsin. They regarded it as the single immutable rock of journalistic righteousness and wisdom in the world. Consequently, stirred by the outbursts of the paper, they came into Canaan in great numbers, and, though the pressure from the town itself was so strong that only a few of them managed to crowd into the courtroom, the others joined their voices to those somber murmurs outdoors, which increased in loudness as the trial went on.

The Tocsin, however, was not having everything its own way. The volume of outcry against Happy Fear and his lawyer had diminished, it was noticed, in "very respectable quarters." The information imparted by Mike Sheehan to the politicians at Mr. Farbach's had been slowly seeping through the various social strata of the town, and, though at first incredulously rejected, it began to find acceptance. Upper Main street cooling appreciably in its acceptance of the Tocsin as the law and the prophets. There were even a few who dared to wonder in their hearts if there had not been a mistake about Joe Louden, and, although Mrs. Filteroff weakened not, the relatives of Squire Buckalew and of Peter Bradbury began to hold up their heads a little after having made home horrible for those gentlemen and reproached them with their conversion as the last word of senile shame. In addition, the colonel's grandson and Mr. Bradbury's grandson had both mysteriously lost countenance to Joe, consorting with him openly, the former for his own purposes, the latter because he had cynically discovered that it was a way to Miss Tabor's regard, which since her gentle rejection of him he had grown to believe, good youth, might be the pleasantest thing that could ever come to him. In short, the question had begun to thrive. Was it possible that Eskew App had not been insane after all?

The best of those who gathered ominously about the courthouse and its purlieus were the young farmers and field hands, artisans and clerks, one of the latter being a pimply faced young man lately from the doctor's hands, who flapped and would flump for the rest of his life, he who, of all men, held the memory of Eskew App in deep respect and was burningly desirous to revenge himself upon the living.

The worst were of that mystifying, embryonic, semi-rigid type, the American voron, in the production of which Canaan and her sister towns everywhere over the country are prolific—the young man, youth, boy perhaps, creature of nameless age, whose clothes are like those of a brakeman out of work, but who is not a brakeman in or out of work; wearing the black soft hat tilted forward to shelter—as a counter does the contempt of a clerk—that expression which the face does not dare wear quite in the open, asserting the possession of supreme capacity in wit, strength, dexterity and amour; the dirty handkerchief under the collar, the short black coat, always double breasted; the eyelids, sooty, one cheek always bulged, the forehead speckled, the lips cracked, horrible teeth and the affectation of possessing secret information upon all matters of the universe, above all, the instinct of finding the shortest way to any scene of official interest to the policeman, fireman or ambulance surgeon—a singular being, not professionally criminal, though historically rather than really, full of its own argot of brag, hysteria when crossed, timid through great ignorance and therefore dangerous. It furnishes not the leaders, but the mass of mobs, and it springs up at times of crisis from heaven knows where. You might have driven through all the streets of Canaan a week before the trial and have seen four or five such fellows, but from the day of its beginning the square was full of them, dingy shuttlescocks batted up into view by the Tocsin.

They kept the air whirling with their noise. The news of that sitting which had caused the squire, Filteroff and Peter Bradbury to risk the court's displeasure was greeted outside with loud and vehement disfavor, and when, at noon, the jurymen were marshaled out to cross the yard to the National House for dinner a large crowd followed and surrounded them until they reached the doors of the hotel. "Don't let Lawyer Louden bamboozle you!" "Hang him!" "Tar and feathers ye ye ye don't hang him!" These were the eldest threats, and Joe Louden, watching from an upper window of the courthouse, observed with a troubled eye how certain of the jury shrank from the pressure of the throng, how the cheeks of others showed sudden pallor. Sometimes "public sentiment" has done evil things to those who have not shared it, and Joe knew how rare a thing is a jury which dares to stand square against a town like Canaan aroused.

The end of that afternoon's session saw another point marked for the de-

ing themselves confronting the quiet man, who kept his even pace and showed no intention of turning aside for them, turned suddenly aside for him and, taking the cue from the first, pursued their way, following: "Head him off! Head him off!" until there were a dozen and more rowdily men and youths upon the steps, their eyes blazing with fury, menacing Louden's back with frightful gestures across the marble balustrade as they hysterically blatted the chorus, "Head him off!" Whether or not Joe could have walked through there is a matter for speculation. It was believed in Canaan that he could. Already a gust of mirth began to sweep over the stern spirits as they paused to marvel no less at the disconcerting advance of the lawyer than at the spectacle presented by the intrepid daredevils upon the steps, a kind of lane actually opening before the young man as he walked steadily on. And when Mr. Sheehan, leading half a dozen huge men from the Farbach brewery, unceremoniously shouldered a way through the mob to Joe's side, reaching him where the press was thickest, it is a question if the services of his detachment were needed.

The laughter increased. It became voluminous. Hysterical salutes shook the air. And never one of the fire eaters upon the steps lived long enough to live down the hateful cry of that day, "Head him off!" which was to become a catchword on the streets, a taunt more stinging than any devised by deliberate invention, an insult bitterer than the ancestral doubt, a fighting word and the great historical joke of Canaan, never omitted in after days when the tale was told how Joe Louden took that short walk across the courthouse yard which made him mayor of the town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

asked for Prayer.

The Hon. John Langley, who comes to the next congress as a representative from Kentucky, used to be appointed clerk of the senate bureau. He knew how not to make an appointment when he didn't want to. A story is told of an excellent old clergyman from Pennsylvania, who called on Langley to urge the appointment of a young woman from that state. The appointment clerk talked in such manner as to lead the clergyman to believe that his young woman would get the appointment. It didn't materialize, however, and the man of the cloth asked one of Langley's subordinates: "What kind of a man is Mr. Langley?"

"A good man, I think," was the loyal reply.

"But what is his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"I always understood it to be sound."

"No, he tells me crooked tales. He told me a flat falsehood."

"There must be some mistake."

"No, there is no mistake, and I told him he had told me a falsehood."

"And what did he say to that, sir?"

"He put his hands on my shoulders and said, 'My good brother, pray for me.'—Washington Herald.

Mental Photography.

A member of the Photographic society has been trying the new mental photography which has been making some stir in Berlin. This local experimenter took a blank photographic plate into his dark room, bound it to his forehead and for thirty minutes concentrated his thoughts on the face of a close friend of his. The developed plate, which he says is the identical one that he bound to his forehead, shows faintly traces of a face that has many points of resemblance to that of his friend. Such, at least, is the opinion of some who have seen the plate though others declare that its markings are indeterminate and look like nothing in particular. The point raised by the experiment is whether or not

Canada's Lord's Day Act.

Canada's Lord's day act, recently passed, provides that it shall be unlawful on Sunday to engage in any public game or contest for gain or to be present at any performance or public meeting, elsewhere than in a church, at which a fee is charged, or to run, conduct or convey any excursion on which passengers are conveyed for hire, or to advertise any performance or to bring into Canada for sale or distribution or to sell or distribute on the Lord's day any foreign newspaper or publication classified as a newspaper.

Lord Alverstone, the lord chief justice of England, who has a salary of \$40,000 a year, when at the bar used invariably to get up between 5 and 6 in the morning except when he had been late in parliament. On one occasion he wanted to talk over a certain point in a brief with one of his juniors. He asked the young man to call in the morning. "At what time, Sir Richard?" asked the young barrister. "At half past 8 at my house," was the reply. The young man arrived on the stroke of the moment. In order to do it, however, he sat up all night.

A River That Eats Between Meals.

The Missouri river is the hungriest river ever created. It is eating all the time—eating yellow clay banks and cornfields, eighty acres at a mouthful, winding up its banquet with a truck garden and picking its teeth with the timbers of a big red barn. Its yearly menu is 10,000 acres of good, rich farming land, several miles of railroad, a few hundred houses, a forest or two and uncounted miles of sand bars.—George Fitch in American Magazine.

Choosing a Career.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, advises students against deciding upon a vocation too soon, says the Boston Herald. According to Dr. Butler, a man should not go to college with any settled convictions as to what he is to do. Dr. Butler holds that college is the place to make such a decision. The opportunities there are so many and varied that, according to the president, every man ought to find something to suit him. He implies that by the end of his senior year a man ought to have acquired enough knowledge to enable him to determine his right vocation.

No More Japan For Her.

A New York woman who went to Japan recently for a short visit, but decided to stay there a year, writes to a friend in New York: "It was all a mistake. When I was induced to prolong my visit and try housekeeping the glamour of novelty was still all about me, and the things I had read before I came away were still in my mind. I have kept house two months, and I hate had enough. A cold water flat in the Harlem district a long way from the car lines, with an impatient janitor and neighbors who play the piano all night or have bridge parties on Sundays, would be heaven in comparison with my 'lovely' house. The stories about the efficient servants for little or no pay are fables. Like everything that costs nothing, they are worth nothing, and our old family did more real work than the four lazy, treacherous things I have now. Living is as high as it is in New York, and on the whole Japan is only nice for those who like it, and how an American woman can be of that class I can't understand. Put the kettle on, get ready to make some apple pies, hang the old flag out of the sitting room window, for I'm coming home."—New York Tribune.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM within the glossy old walnut bar that ran from wall to wall the eyes of the lawyers and reporters wandered often to Ariel as she sat in the packed courtroom watching Louden's fight for the life and liberty of Happy Fear. She had always three escorts, and, though she did not miss a session and the same three never failed to attend her, no whisper of scandal arose. But not upon them did the glances of the members of the bar and the journalists with tender frequency linger, nor were the younger members of these two professions all who gazed that way. Joe had fought out the selection of the jury with the prosecutor at great length and with infinite pains. It was not a young jury, and it stared at her.

The "court" were a gray beard with a flock of sparrows might have villeged a grove, and yet in spite of the vital necessity for watchfulness over this fighting case, it once needed to be stirred from a trance-like gaze in Miss Tabor's direction and aroused to the realization that it was there to "sit" and not to dream.

The August air was warm outside the windows, inviting to the open country, to swimming hole, to orchard reveries or shaded pool wherein to drop a meditative line. You would have thought no one could willingly coop himself in this hot room for three hours twice a day while lawyers wrangled, often unintelligibly, over the life of a dingy little creature like Happy Fear, yet the struggle to sweeten there was almost like a riot, and the bailiffs were busy men.

It was a fighting case throughout, fought to a finish on each tiny point as it came up, dragging in the mere matter of time, interminably, yet the people of Canaan not only those who succeeded in penetrating to the courtroom, but the others, who hung about the corridors or outside the building, and the great mass of stay at homes, who read the story in the Tocsin, found each moment of it enthralling enough. The state's attorney, fearful of losing so notorious a case and not undervaluing his opponent, had modestly summoned others to his aid, and the attorney for the defense single handed faced "an array of legal talent such as seldom indeed had hollered at this bar," faced it good naturedly, an eyebrow crooked up and his head on one side most of the time, yet faced it indomitably. He had a certain careless and disarming smile when he lost a point, which carried off the defeat as of only humorous account and not at all part of the serious business in hand, and in his treatment of witnesses he was plausible, kindly, knowing that in this case he had no intending perjurer to entrap; brought into play the rare and delicate art of which he was a master,

employing in his questions subtle suggestions and shadings of tone and manner and avoiding words of debate and dangerous meanings—a fine craft, often attempted by blunders to their own undoing, but which, practiced by Joseph Louden, made inarticulate witnesses articulate to the precise effects which he desired. This he accomplished as much by the help of the continuous fire of objections from the other side as by objects of them. He was infinitely careful, asking never an ill advised question for the other side to use to his hurt and, though exhibiting only a pleasant easiness of manner, was electrically alert.

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All day long a crowd of men and boys hung about the corridors of the courthouse, about the square and the neighboring streets, and from these rose somber murmurs, more and more ominous. The public sentiment of a community like Canaan can make itself felt inside a courtroom, and it was strongly exerted against Happy Fear. The Tocsin had always been a powerful agent; Judge Pike had increased its strength with a staff which was thoroughly efficient, alert and always able to strike center with the paper's readers, and in town and country it had absorbed the circulation of the other local journals, which resented feebly at times, but in the matter of the Cory murder had not dared to do anything except follow the Tocsin's lead. The Tocsin, having lit the fire, fed it—fed it saltpeper and sulphur—for now Martin Pike was fighting hard.

The farmers and people of the less urban parts of the country were accustomed to find their opinions upon the Tocsin. They regarded it as the single immutable rock of journalistic righteousness and wisdom in the world. Consequently, stirred by the outbursts of the paper, they came into Canaan in great numbers, and, though the pressure from the town itself was so strong that only a few of them managed to crowd into the courtroom, the others joined their voices to those somber murmurs outdoors, which increased in loudness as the trial went on.

The Tocsin, however, was not having everything its own way. The volume of outcry against Happy Fear and his lawyer had diminished, it was noticed, in "very respectable quarters." The information imparted by Mike Sheehan to the politicians at Mr. Farbach's had been slowly seeping through the various social strata of the town, and, though at first incredulously rejected, it began to find acceptance. Upper Main street cooling appreciably in its acceptance of the Tocsin as the law and the prophets. There were even a few who dared to wonder in their hearts if there had not been a mistake about Joe Louden, and, although Mrs. Filteroff weakened not, the relatives of Squire Buckalew and of Peter Bradbury began to hold up their heads a little after having made home horrible for those gentlemen and reproached them with their conversion as the last word of senile shame. In addition, the colonel's grandson and Mr. Bradbury's grandson had both mysteriously lost countenance to Joe, consorting with him openly, the former for his own purposes, the latter because he had cynically discovered that it was a way to Miss Tabor's regard, which since her gentle rejection of him he had grown to believe, good youth, might be the pleasantest thing that could ever come to him. In short, the question had begun to thrive. Was it possible that Eskew App had not been insane after all?

The best of those who gathered ominously about the courthouse and its purlieus were the young farmers and field hands, artisans and clerks, one of the latter being a pimply faced young man lately from the doctor's hands, who flapped and would flump for the rest of his life, he who, of all men, held the memory of Eskew App in deep respect and was burningly desirous to revenge himself upon the living.

The worst were of that mystifying, embryonic, semi-rigid type, the American voron, in the production of which Canaan and her sister towns everywhere over the country are prolific—the young man, youth, boy perhaps, creature of nameless age, whose clothes are like those of a brakeman out of work, but who is not a brakeman in or out of work; wearing the black soft hat tilted forward to shelter—as a counter does the contempt of a clerk—that expression which the face does not dare wear quite in the open, asserting the possession of supreme capacity in wit, strength, dexterity and amour; the dirty handkerchief under the collar, the short black coat, always double breasted; the eyelids, sooty, one cheek always bulged, the forehead speckled, the lips cracked, horrible teeth and the affectation of possessing secret information upon all matters of the universe, above all, the instinct of finding the shortest way to any scene of official interest to the policeman, fireman or ambulance surgeon—a singular being, not professionally criminal, though historically rather than really, full of its own argot of brag, hysteria when crossed, timid through great ignorance and therefore dangerous. It furnishes not the leaders, but the mass of mobs, and it springs up at times of crisis from heaven knows where. You might have driven through all the streets of Canaan a week before the trial and have seen four or five such fellows, but from the day of its beginning the square was full of them, dingy shuttlescocks batted up into view by the Tocsin.

They kept the air whirling with their noise. The news of that sitting which had caused the squire, Filteroff and Peter Bradbury to risk the court's displeasure was greeted outside with loud and vehement disfavor, and when, at noon, the jurymen were marshaled out to cross the yard to the National House for dinner a large crowd followed and surrounded them until they reached the doors of the hotel. "Don't let Lawyer Louden bamboozle you!" "Hang him!" "Tar and feathers ye ye ye don't hang him!" These were the eldest threats, and Joe Louden, watching from an upper window of the courthouse, observed with a troubled eye how certain of the jury shrank from the pressure of the throng, how the cheeks of others showed sudden pallor. Sometimes "public sentiment" has done evil things to those who have not shared it, and Joe knew how rare a thing is a jury which dares to stand square against a town like Canaan aroused.

The end of that afternoon's session saw another point marked for the de-

ing themselves confronting the quiet man, who kept his even pace and showed no intention of turning aside for them, turned suddenly aside for him and, taking the cue from the first, pursued their way, following: "Head him off! Head him off!" until there were a dozen and more rowdily men and youths upon the steps, their eyes blazing with fury, menacing Louden's back with frightful gestures across the marble balustrade as they hysterically blatted the chorus, "Head him off!" Whether or not Joe could have walked through there is a matter for speculation. It was believed in Canaan that he could. Already a gust of mirth began to sweep over the stern spirits as they paused to marvel no less at the disconcerting advance of the lawyer than at the spectacle presented by the intrepid daredevils upon the steps, a kind of lane actually opening before the young man as he walked steadily on. And when Mr. Sheehan, leading half a dozen huge men from the Farbach brewery, unceremoniously shouldered a way through the mob to Joe's side, reaching him where the press was thickest, it is a question if the services of his detachment were needed.

The laughter increased. It became voluminous. Hysterical salutes shook the air. And never one of the fire eaters upon the steps lived long enough to live down the hateful cry of that day, "Head him off!" which was to become a catchword on the streets, a taunt more stinging than any devised by deliberate invention, an insult bitterer than the ancestral doubt, a fighting word and the great historical joke of Canaan, never omitted in after days when the tale was told how Joe Louden took that short walk across the courthouse yard which made him mayor of the town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

asked for Prayer.

The Hon. John Langley, who comes to the next congress as a representative from Kentucky, used to be appointed clerk of the senate bureau. He knew how not to make an appointment when he didn't want to. A story is told of an excellent old clergyman from Pennsylvania, who called on Langley to urge the appointment of a young woman from that state. The appointment clerk talked in such manner as to lead the clergyman to believe that his young woman would get the appointment. It didn't materialize, however, and the man of the cloth asked one of Langley's subordinates: "What kind of a man is Mr. Langley?"

"A good man, I think," was the loyal reply.

"But what is his reputation for truth and veracity?"

"I always understood it to be sound."

"No, he tells me crooked tales. He told me a flat falsehood."